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## THE ART OF LISTENING.

It was pointed out a short time ago, by a writer well qualified to judge of his subject, that the Art of Conversation is gradually dying out in England. We write a great deal more than our fathers did; but we say less. A falling-off is visible both in the quantity and the quality of our conversation. It is obvious that by conversation the writer does not mean the exchange of observations which is carried on with sufficient liveliness wherever men and women gather together for what they describe as social intercourse. Of this species of talk there is no dearth; and if there were, we should hardly consider it cause for serious regret. But our author complains that the conversation which used to be cultivated, and rightly, as one of the fine arts, has been of late years persistently neglected, until society has lost one of its greatest charms.

Be this as it may, let us ask our readers to turn their particular attention to a kindred subject of equal importance—we mean the Art of Listening. Much as we may deplore the loss of good talkers, it would be far more disastrous were the race of good listeners to be allowed to die out. A good talker is one of the luxuries of life, to be brought out and enjoyed on special occasions. A good listener is essential to the every-day comfort of home. Nay, further, we have no doubt that the decrease of the former is largely due to the rarity of the latter. There are many of us who are secretly conscious we could talk well if we had any one to listen to us. We are silent for lack of an audience.

The writer knew an old French marquis who held strong opinions on this subject. His earnest and reiterated advice on the topic of matrimony was concentrated chiefly on this one point. 'Marry a handsome woman if you will, a rich one if you can,' he used to say; 'but in any case marry a woman who listens.' And this he considered the only true method of classifying the sex. Others might view them as good and bad,

clever or stupid, pretty or plain. He asserted simply that there are women who listen, and women who do not. He added that the latter were in the majority.

We trust that no one will hastily infer that we are so far behind the age as to consider that listening is the exclusive province of women. That they can talk, and talk to some purpose, has been so clearly demonstrated, that there are few who would now be bold enough to deny it. At the same time, we are sure that good listeners are more often found among women than among men. The quickness of a woman's perceptions, the warmth of her sympathies, her capacities of endurance—these are the very qualities essential to real proficiency in the art. Is there any picture more lovely, in the whole gallery of Shakspeare's women, than the portrait of the beautiful Venetian winning Othello's heart by the perfection of her listening? Some of the most popular women have neither beauty, rank, nor wealth to recommend them; we have known such owe their position in the hearts of their friends chiefly to the fact that they were the most charming of listeners. On the other hand, how many women are there whose usefulness and happiness are marred by their ignorance of this accomplishment! Let us give an illustration of our meaning.

Where could you find a sweeter, brighter, more lovable young wife than Beatrice? As Benedict sits opposite to her by the fireside after dinner and watches her graceful head bending over her book, he may well feel proud of her. 'I met Williams in the City to-day,' he says presently.

'Did you, dear?' says Beatrice, looking brightly up from her novel.

'Yes. He says he thinks that house of Parker's would be the very thing for us. There are six rooms—kitchen on ground-floor, and a good strip of garden.'

'A good strip of garden on the ground-floor,' repeats Beatrice dreamily, her eyes on the page.

'I wish you'd listen to what I'm saying,' says Benedict, somewhat crossly. 'If you'd rather read, of course'—

'But I would not rather read,' answers Beatrice, closing her book readily, and fixing her eyes on her husband with a well simulated air of profound interest. But she keeps her finger in the place, which Benedict perceives, and draws his conclusions; and presently he gets up, feeling a trifle hurt, and says he is going over to have a smoke with Jones.

Nowhere will you find a better sister than Martha. She watches over the domestic affairs of her brother Theophilus with the truest devotion. His gloves are always in their place, his coat always brushed; nor is he ever exposed to the mortification of putting on a clean shirt and finding too late that it has a button lacking. In one respect only does Martha come short of the ideal sister.

'Would you like me to read something aloud to you?' says Theophilus, coming into the room where Martha sits by the fire knitting his winter socks. 'I have just got the new number of the *Asiatic* with my article about the vowel sounds in Sanskrit in it.'

'Delightful!' cries Martha.

Thus encouraged, he begins to read, giving every word its due weight, as only authors do. Presently, he is aware of a low under-current of sound. He pauses, and catches the mystic syllables, 'Knit one, purl one, knit two together.'

'I am afraid you find it a little dry,' he suggests wistfully. Martha protests that, though she is counting her stitches, she is listening all the while and enjoying it immensely. But the reader's pleasure is gone. Martha is an admirable woman; why does she not listen?

I was asked not long ago to spend a few days in a country-house to meet the *fiancée* of the eldest son, an old college chum of mine. The young lady was pretty, intelligent, accomplished; and I heartily congratulated Tom on the marriage he was making. But when I spoke to his brother in praise of his future sister, he said gloomily: 'Wait a bit.' I waited. The first day I thought her clever. The third day I found her not clever exactly, but vivacious and amusing. By the fifth, I had grown heartily weary of the unceasing flow of her commonplace chatter. When, at the end of the week, I heard that the wedding-day was fixed, I found myself sighing involuntarily. Since their marriage, they have often pressed me to go and stay at the Rookeries; but I like occasionally to have an opportunity of making a remark myself, and for this reason I have always refused the invitation.—Poor Tom!

#### RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE DIVER.

'My dear Josephine,' said Mrs Sellwood, 'I can't quite follow you. Why should you not become a governess, if you really are bent on earning your livelihood? I cannot endure the thought of you taking a menial position.'

'Is not that of a governess menial?'

'Hardly so. At least, a lady can maintain her position as a governess; but when she

becomes'—she hesitated—'something else, I mean something lower, it makes all the difference in the world.'

'But, dear Mrs Sellwood, I want to step down into that inferior class, to be able to see with their eyes, hear with their ears, think with their brains, and throb with their passions.'

'It is quite unnecessary,' said Mrs Sellwood. 'I can do that. You can do it without any quixotism. With them, it is as with all satellites—they reflect the light of their sun; that is, of the social sun, the lady of the house, or the gentleman, round whom they move. The butler always assimilates himself to the manners and modes of thought and expression of his master; and the lady's-maid to those of her mistress. Of course, they never reach their glory; they are, so to speak, pitched in a lower key. They repeat their superiors in an inferior sphere. It is like the echo to the human voice. The same words repeated, but a tone or a semitone, and broken—reflected back. I have known butlers who really might have been mistaken for gentlemen, and ladies'-maids with really very pretty manners.'

Josephine shook her head meditatively. 'Don't you think, Mrs Sellwood, that the similarity may be external only? I have heard parrots speak like Christians; indeed, I have been told by my father of one which said: "No primogeniture! Down with the House of Lords! Tichborne for ever!" But it had a parrot's mind, for all that.'

'Well,' said the rector's wife, 'more than half the people in the world have parrotical minds, if I may so express myself; they merely repeat what they hear, without attaching sense to the words. It is exceptional to find a person who thinks as well as speaks. Servants are nothing but human parrots; they repeat more than the words; they repeat the ideas, prejudices, manners, even voices of their superiors, in an exaggerated and somewhat grotesque form. Why, half the words they use they do not understand; I mean those of Latin and Greek origin—perambulator, affidavit, telegraph, bicycle, and so on.'

'They understand what these words mean, but not their derivation.'

'We know both. The words convey more to our minds than to theirs. Surely, you can imagine yourself ten degrees stupider than you are, and you at once descend to the menial mind.'

Josephine was still unsatisfied. 'I do not know that,' she objected. 'I fancy we who are cultured can no more understand the mind of the uneducated, than a man can follow the thread of ideas that traverses the brain of a horse.'

'They have no threads of ideas—only thread-ends which they pick up from us. We, who are educated, have our ideas and our reason; and we work out problems, and we throw down our thread-ends and conclusions; and the uneducated take them up and tangle them together into a ball in their brains.'

'I do not believe it, Mrs Sellwood,' said Josephine. 'Have you ever seen those mats and rugs made by cottagers out of bits of coloured cloth and list? They weave them into some kind of pattern, but the main fabric of the mat is strong hempen twine. This twine is made into loops,

and the fag-ends of coloured cloth are slipped through the loops and gripped and drawn together. These mats have wonderful wear in them, because of the strength and tenacity of the hempen substructure. I quite allow that the lower order of men have not broadcloth minds, have minds made up, as you say, of scraps of culture cast aside by their superiors; but they do weave them into some sort of pattern, and make them into serviceable textures. What I want to learn is, what is the substructure of hemp, what is the grasping, assimilating, organising faculty in the minds of the uneducated? I can never find that out without going among them.'

'You will not find it out if you do go among them; there is no such substructure as you imagine.'

'But, Mrs Sellwood, how do you know? How can you know, never having been inside the circle of the uneducated?'

'I can judge by what I see,' answered the old lady touchily. 'You are like those Australian explorers who went into the heart of the island expecting to find mountains and lakes, pastures, gold mines, and nearly perished in the infinite monotony of desert they traversed.'

'I am not going to make any discoveries; I do not anticipate finding a land flowing with milk and honey, or hope to induce colonists from the upper classes to come down and camp in it. I go because my husband belongs to that rough and stony land, and I wish to inhabit it with him, to share his privations and pleasures.'

The rector's wife said nothing. She was doing some woolwork, a group—Ruth and Boaz.

'Mrs Sellwood,' said Josephine, 'I am not sure that I shall not find an agreeable freedom from formality in the life below the line. Are we not all, who are above it, set to work our lives out like that piece of wool embroidery on which you are engaged? We have to make our stitches exactly according to pattern, and put in exactly the regulated number, and the proper tints. The result is extremely unsatisfactory when the miserable piece of work is done.—Do look at Boaz! His eyes are square; and Ruth's face in profile has a nose resembling a flight of steps. Because the social pattern set before us requires us to make square eyes and staircase noses, are we to do so servilely in defiance of all the canons of art and truth?'

'The nature of the woolwork stitch will not allow of any other arrangement. Allowance is made for the exigencies of canvas.'

'But why should we go on making steppy noses and square lustreless eyes, because the canvas and stitch require it? When you have done your Boaz and Ruth, what is it? It is not a picture—it is a caricature.'

'It is a banner-screen, and will shelter many a face from the fire, and perhaps recall me to the thoughts of my grandchildren, when I am dead and turned to dust.'

'You have run off with the illustration away from what we were discussing, and which this embroidery was meant only to illustrate.'

'I know perfectly what you mean, and I am thinking of that. Suppose our lives are formal, worked out patiently in little squares; first a stitch from right to left, and then another from left to right; now with wool of one tint, then

with wool of another—well, it makes a complete whole. There is system in it; there is forethought. It is a work of great patience and perseverance, and it will always tell that tale to generations to come. But the lives you speak of are not so systematised; they are like the needlework of one colour-blind—a jumble, with no idea in the worker's mind how to make a stitch, how to keep in line, to strain his wool, to match his shades. When, however, the untaught and undisciplined comes into service, is brought into contact with the highly civilised and educated and disciplined, then he or she begins—involuntarily, may be—to copy what is seen; just as the barbarians who invaded the Empire copied the civilisation of Rome. The menial begins at once to sort the wools and to practise stitches; and the result is a copy—sometimes a copy in ill-matched colours, and with irregular lines—of the work of the master or mistress. As far as it is a copy, it is interesting. Where it is not—it is void of everything attractive; it repels.'

'I am not convinced,' said Josephine. 'I will tell you whether I am wrong and you right, after I have made the experiment.—Mrs Sellwood, have you ever read *The Devil on Two Sticks*?'

'Good gracious, no! It is not proper for one to read.'

'There is no harm in it. Asmodeus takes the student through the air over Madrid, and removes the roofs of all the houses, so that he can see what goes on within: the story of life in every house, in every room, is revealed to him. Do you know I often think of that when I am with people? I consider what mysteries, what romances, what workings are within these little chambers, with the two eyes as windows; and I long infinitely for a devil to remove the scalp and let me see what is within. Neither you nor I, nor any member of our order, knows in the least what is going on in the great city of the commonality below us. We want to have the roofs lifted, that we may look in and see the stirring in the brains, and then only shall we understand the thoughts and prejudices, the beliefs, the doubts, and the poetry of Demos.'

'And the commonplace,' added Mrs Sellwood.

'I will tell you all, when I have seen,' exclaimed Josephine vehemently.—'Dear Mrs Sellwood, I have been brought in contact with one—the best of men—belonging to that city of mystery. He could not understand me, and I could not understand him. It was as if I belonged to the flying island Laputa, and he to the country of the Honyhnhums.'

'My dear, you are referring to *Gulliver's Travels*.'

'Of course, Mrs Sellwood.'

'But—ladies never read further than the voyage to Lilliput.'

'I believe they are supposed to limit themselves to the infinitely little.'

Neither spoke for a few moments after this. Mrs Sellwood was offended. She, as well as her husband, allowed, and always had allowed, Josephine to speak freely before them. They knew, or suspected, that the influences at home were unsatisfactory; and they had encouraged frankness in her, that they might get to under-

stand her mind, and be able to give some direction to her thoughts, and exercise some check on her inconsiderate impulses. But in permitting this freedom, they had to endure the sharpness of her tongue, which sometimes cut the old people unpleasantly, drawn athwart old prejudices and traditional principles.

'Did you ever read Schiller's *Diver*, Mrs Sellwood?' asked Josephine.

'Yes, dear—long ago. I do not remember much about it, except that a king threw a goblet of gold into Charybdis, and sent down a page after it.'

'Exactly. And the page, when he came up, was to tell the Sicilian king what he had seen in the depths of the sea. This is what he related :

Now the purple darkness of the deep  
Lay under my feet like a precipice,  
And though here the ear must in deafness sleep,  
The eye could look down the sheer abyss,  
And see how the depths of these waters dark  
Are alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark.

I am quoting an English version of the poem, Mrs Sellwood, as I daresay my German may be inexact :

In horrible consciousness there I stayed,  
One soul with feeling and thought endued,  
'Mid monsters, afar from earthly aid,  
Alone in that ghastly solitude!  
Far, far from the sound of a human tone,  
In depths which the sea-snake hath called her own.

I am the diver. I am going down into the mysterious depths where the whirlpool swirls, and where, as Schiller says, "a new sea springs from the old sea's breast." But I do not go down because I like the abyss, or think it a habitable place, or particularly desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the dogfish, dragon, and octopus, but to recover the golden chalice of my husband's esteem.'

'My dear Josephine,' answered the rector's wife, 'if I remember the story aright, the page recovered the goblet only because it lodged on a shelf above the abyss tenanted by these monsters. The king cast in the goblet a second time, and then it fell into the uttermost depth, and from thence the lad never rose.'

'It was so. And so, under water there is the shelf, and below it the vast profound. My husband does not belong to that region of horrors. His golden heart has never sunk to that. As there are stages in our flying island Laputa, so are there shelves below the sea.'

'Very well,' said Mrs Sellwood. 'You go down under water to the first terrace, and you will find—you yourself admit it, no monsters there—only respectables. I can tell you what you will see—because the dredge brings them up—winkles, cockles, and oysters.'

Josephine began with her sweet pure voice to sing the mermaid's song in *Oberon*. Then, for the first time since Richard had gone, she laughed, not with her old bright, ringing tones, but with a tinge of sadness, and said : 'Oh, Mrs Sellwood, I shall come up a mermaid, belonging to both realms, that above, and that below, understanding both, and at home in both. What experiences I shall have gone through !'

Mrs Sellwood threw down her work and put

her arms round Josephine, drew her to her bosom, and kissed her. 'You belong to a different order of souls from me, dear child,' she said. 'I am not heroic. I see that you have generous and true impulses, and go your own way. In that, you differ from me and such as me. I understand that, by an ingenious contrivance, locomotives are constructed for use in war-time which lay down their own rails as they go along—of course, travelling very slowly, and always running on rails of their own laying. That is like me, and persons so constituted as I am ; we always travel on rails—rails of our own laying. You are not like that ; you make furrows.'

'Yes,' said Josephine sorrowfully ; 'I tear up the road, throw about stones, and wound passers-by, and upset myself.'

'As you are bent on this experiment—of which I do not quite approve, it is so foreign to anything that I should have considered proper—I am resolved that you shall take a shelf in very shallow water. You must allow me to determine that for you. I have a sister, Miss Otterbourne, who lives near Bath, a very kind old lady, has her prejudices, as is usual with old maids—good, wholesome, well-established prejudices, that hurt no one. She has written to me for a lady's-maid. If that situation will do, take it. You will have dived, but we hold you by a hair.'

Josephine thanked Mrs Sellwood.

Then the rector came in, and with his fresh face, a waft of cool, bracing air. He squeezed Josephine's hand and kissed his wife.

'My dear Charlotte,' said he to the latter, 'we old fogies have antiquated notions, routine courses, that are unsuited to extraordinary emergencies. Josephine has been right. Her heart has told her from the beginning what was to be done.—My child, I have seen him ; I have spoken with him. I know all the circumstances. I have had my finger on his pulse. Josephine must come down to his level.'

(To be continued.)

#### THE HESSIAN FLY.

AMONG the many visitors that annually with the advent of spring-time seek our shores, there has been of late years a certain group, which, though individually small in size, yet travel in so numerous a company as to bring terror to the British agriculturist. However unwilling he may be, the farmer must cater *gratis* for these voracious little insects ; and should they still continue to thrive within our shores, we may ere long find our supply of cereals even more rapidly diminished than it already is by bad seasons and over-farming. This dread guest is the so-called Hessian Fly. It comes to us not, as we might suppose by its name, from Germany, but from America. Its first appearance in Staten Island and Long Island in 1776 was contemporaneous with the arrival of some Hessian mercenaries, employed in the revolutionary war. For long it was supposed that these soldiers had brought the unwelcome guest in their straw ; hence its name. Later, however, it was discovered that the Hessian Fly was no German importation, for it was unknown in Ger-



many before 1833; whereas it had always been a well-known and much-feared visitant of the wheat-fields on the shores of the Mediterranean—in France, Spain, Minorca, Italy, and Asia Minor. More probably, therefore, the fly was introduced, not only into America, but also into Germany itself, either from Southern Europe or from Asia Minor. But whenever or however introduced into the western continent, there for a century the Hessian Fly has been busy making havoc among the various grain-crops of the country. From Long Island it has spread steadily over the different States at the rate of twenty miles a year.

As long ago as 1788, Mr Bond, the British consul at Philadelphia, wrote home to the Privy-Council of his fear that 'the introduction of American wheat into the United Kingdom might be the means of communicating the insect to other grain.' So alarmed were the Council, that they sat day after day to consider what measures should be adopted to keep the fly out of this country; and the business was considered so important, that the minutes of the Council and documents obtained from all quarters filled more than two hundred octavo pages. The Council issued an edict prohibiting the importation of corn; but after about eleven months, the order was withdrawn, the authorities having determined that the insect could not be introduced with grain. But whether in the cargoes of straw shipped by United States shippers at a loss for freight, or, as is more probable, in the straw used for packing, or with 'tail' or feed-corn, in the sweepings of granaries, storehouses, and the holds of ships, certain it is that the Hessian Fly has at last found its way into Britain. In the summer of 1886 it was first detected by Mr Palmer on his farm of Revell's Hall, near Hertford. Noticing a falling-off in his wheat and barley, and making an examination to learn the cause, the farmer discovered strange-looking objects like grains of linseed tightly packed between the outer coverings of the grain and the knots of the second joints above the roots. He at once reported the matter to Miss Ormerod, Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, who, having visited the fields, declared it her belief that the grain-like objects were the pupæ of the Hessian Fly—'flax-seeds,' as the Americans call them. Patient observation of a seed which in six weeks developed into a perfect fly, and consultation with celebrated entomologists both British and American, confirmed Miss Ormerod's opinion.

Since Mr Palmer's discovery, the insect has turned up in other parts of Hertfordshire, also in Bedfordshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, Herefordshire, Suffolk, and other counties; and in Scotland at Crieff, Forfarshire, Fife, Inverness, and Lord Polwarth's farms at Mertoun and Bettyfield. Thanks to the promptitude of Miss Ormerod, and the energetic appeals of Mr Whitehead, the chairman of the Seeds and Plants Diseases Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society, the matter has been brought under the notice of the country at large through the medium of the newspapers, and of the House of Commons in particular. At the desire of the Agricultural Department, a Report on the Hessian Fly, con-

taining a full account of its appearance and habits, with suggestions for methods of prevention and remedies, was drawn up by Mr Whitehead, and issued to all local authorities in Great Britain. From this document we gain much interesting information about our troublesome visitor.

The Hessian Fly is a family relation of the daddy-longlegs, the common gnat, the water-gnat, and the midge, which, like itself, are included in the family *Tipulidæ*, of the order *Diptera*. The female fly is a creature about an eighth of an inch long. Its body is of a dark-brown colour, shading into black; its wings are of dusky gray, fringed, and rounded at the tips. It is characterised by long fringed dark-coloured antennæ with bead-like joints. The male fly, which is much less abundant than the female, is said to be smaller, but has longer antennæ. The insect seems to prefer a warm moist climate, and generally attacks plants in a poor, thin, gravelly soil, probably because these are less able to resist its encroachments. It generates twice a year—in the spring and early autumn—the first generation injuring wheat and barley plants; the second attacking young wheat-plants directly they come up. The autumnal attack is, according to Dr Fitch, the more deadly, being 'in a double sense a radical one. Each particular shoot at whose root one or more of these larvæ nestle is commonly destroyed by the time the worm has attained its growth. The presence of these worms is, therefore, readily detected by an examination of the small wheat in October or November. Individual shoots will be found here and there in the field withered and changed to a light colour, strongly contrasting with the rich green of the vigorous uninjured plants.' The effect of the insect on the plants is much like that of the disorder known as 'gout' or 'root-falling,' only that, instead of giving way at the roots and various parts of the stems, the plants attacked by the Hessian Fly are crippled and bent sharply down just above the second joint; while the stems are so weakened and 'scrawled' that there is little or no corn in the ears, and the straw is broken, discoloured, and stunted.

In the case of the spring generation, according to the same authority, the fly appears about the 1st of May, and deposits its eggs upon the same crop of grain that has already reared one brood, and also upon any spring wheat that is forward enough for its purposes, selecting the more luxuriant of the young leaves. The egg is about the fiftieth of an inch long, cylindrical, translucent, of a pale red colour, becoming in a few hours irregularly spotted with deeper red. The insect lays from eighty to one hundred eggs, placing from twenty to forty upon a single leaf in the creases of the upper parts of the blades of the young plants. The larva is hatched in from four to eight days. It is a wrinkled, yellowish maggot without legs, but with fourteen joints. When full grown, the larva is nearly an eighth of an inch long, and of a clouded white hue, with faint greenish lines. After being hatched, the larva moves from the leaf above to the second joint of the stem, at the base of the blade, and fixes itself head downwards with its head close to the soft stem, and absorbs the juices of the plant. After about five or six

weeks, according to the weather and the state of the corn-plants, the larva changes its colour to a bright chestnut, and soon after casts its brown skin. In this guise the larvae resemble grains of linseed, and are called 'flax-seeds' in the United States.

Many precautions and remedies are suggested to prevent our country being scourged by the Hessian Fly, as the States and Canada have been. The chief of these are—late sowing; great care in the selection of seed and in the importation of grain and straw, especially from America; the enriching of the soil by strong manures; careful winnowing and sifting of refuse corn; subjection of long-strawed manure and litter to the heat of 'mixens' before use; raking or harrowing or even burning of infected stubble; pasturing the infected ground with sheep, and applying to infected fields dressings of lime, soot, or salt. When a ripe field is attacked, the only remedy is to cut the crop about a foot from the ear and burn the straw, chaff, and earings. If these precautions are not taken, the pest will spread widely; if they are adopted, the farmer will probably lose fifty shillings per acre, in addition to the ordinary and normal loss entailed by wheat-growing. Perhaps, however, the most effectual precaution would be the introduction and colonisation of certain parasites which are the natural enemies of the Hessian Fly, and soon check its terribly rapid multiplication. In this *Journal* of 25th September last year, we printed the set of directions issued on the subject by the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture. As we write, a government inquiry on the ravages of the fly is about to be made, and farmers are requested to send any information on the subject to Mr Charles Wing Gray, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

#### SINGLE-HANDED SMITH.

SINGLE-HANDED SMITH was not, as the nickname might on the face of it seem to imply, a cripple. It would, perhaps, have been better for himself and for the householding portion of society if he had been. The sobriquet was bestowed upon him from the circumstance of his having been one of the first to set the fashion of working single-handed in his profession of burglar. In the course of a long and busy professional career, he was taken only twice. His last capture occurred quite recently, and resulted in his being sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Though a detective, I on that occasion had no finger in the pie beyond giving evidence of identity and previous conviction. His first arrest, however, was my work, and, all things considered, it was an arrest in which a detective might reasonably take a little pride.

In 1874, the burglaries in a certain suburban part of our division were unusually numerous, and in every instance the burglar—for the jobs were evidently single-handed ones—got clear away. The chief characteristic of the robberies was their boldness. On several occasions, where the attempts to break in had been frustrated, owing to their having roused the household, it was discovered in the morning that some other dwelling only three or four doors away had been

'burgled.' Apart from this seemingly reckless but practically successful daring, the execution of the jobs was inartistic and coarse, and the robberies were certainly not 'put-up' affairs. The latter point was proved to demonstration by the frequency with which the thief, whoever he was, missed come-at-able valuables that would inevitably have been secured by a burglar to whom servants or others had either wilfully or unconsciously given information. The residences performed upon were invariably such as had back gardens. Through these gardens the houses were approached, and entrance was usually obtained by the rough-and-ready method of forcing doors and windows with a 'jemmy.'

The field of labour which this particular enterprising burglar had marked for his own was within the area where I was the only plain-clothes man engaged. As a matter of routine, therefore, these burglaries were my cases; and as they went on unchecked, I naturally began to feel crest-fallen over them. I had worked very hard in the endeavour to achieve success, much harder than I had done in cases in which I was held to have scored brilliantly. Where defeat came in was in the failure to trace any of the stolen property that could be sworn to. I haunted pawnbrokers' and jewellers' shops with an energy worthy of any cause, and kept a specially sharp lookout upon the establishments of known or suspected receivers of stolen property. Twice it seemed as though my exercise of the twin virtues of patience and perseverance was about to meet with its reward; but on each occasion hope's flattering tale ended in disappointment.

So matters stood about the end of March in the year mentioned. My much-wanted man, though still making himself felt with undesirable frequency, was slacking off in his operations, and my hopes of being able to capture him had sunk to a very low ebb indeed. One night, or, to speak by the card, one morning, for it was nearly two o'clock, when I was out on duty, I received a message asking me to return to the station at once. On getting there, I found in the office a gentleman who had come to report that about three-quarters of an hour before there had been an attempt to break into his house. The sergeant on duty had already taken down his statement, which was to the effect that about one o'clock he had been awakened by what he described as a crashing noise on the ground-floor of his house. He had called his son, a young man of twenty, and they had gone down stairs, revolver in hand. They found that a window had been broken open, and they reached it just in time to see a man retreating over the garden fence. The garden abutted upon a railway embankment, down which he must have plunged, as they saw him ascend on the other side of the line and disappear in the fields beyond.

'Assuming that it is our old hand,' I said to the sergeant, 'there is just the possibility that he may hark back and try to do another house close by. I don't say, mind you, that he *will* have a second try this morning; still, he is just the fellow who would think it the dashing thing to do.'

The sergeant looked anything but convinced; but he only answered: 'Well, it is your job; and

if you think there is any likelihood of his falling into a trap, you had better lay it for him.'

'That is what I propose doing. Can I have a couple of men for an hour?'

'Yes; you can have the constable in reserve here, and the man from the nearest fixed point.'

Five minutes later, I set out with these two men for my proposed scene of action. The house at which the attempted burglary had taken place was one of a row of about thirty running parallel with the railway. I instructed the constables to take up their positions far enough down the railway embankment to be well out of sight, the one about half-a-dozen houses above, and the other about half-a-dozen below, the one on which our enterprising burglar had already tried his hand. I remained on duty in the roadway in front of the row of houses.

I had been pacing up and down there for about twenty minutes, when, on turning at one end of the road to go back again, I saw a man come out from the gateway of one of the houses near the other end of the row I was watching. I could make out his figure distinctly, and knew that I had the advantage of him in that he could not see me. The last house at my end of the row had its garden 'end-ways on,' and screened from the street by a wall nine feet high. At the edge of the pathway opposite this wall, half-a-dozen trees had been planted; and standing between them and the wall, as I was at the moment I caught sight of the man, I knew that I was sufficiently deep in shadow to be quite safe from observation. Keeping still, I watched the stranger approaching. He was moving briskly, though certainly not in a manner suggestive of a burglar in flight. Still, this was not a time to leave anything unnoticed, and resolving to at least have a look at this early bird, I moved forward so as to meet him in the open. He gave me a cheery good-morning, and would have passed on; but stepping in front of him so as to bring him to a stand-still, I said: 'Just half a minute.'

'I think you have made a mistake,' he said, smiling; 'or if not, you have the advantage of me.'

'I am not claiming acquaintance,' I explained; 'but I want to have a word or two with you.'

'Speak on, then,' he said, still smiling; 'but be as quick as you can about it. I have a considerable distance to go, and I am too late—or too early—to get any conveyance.'

'To come to the point at once, then. I am a plain-clothes officer, and I am on the lookout for a burglar who has been at work in this road. I am bound not to miss any possible chance of obtaining information, and I feel justified in speaking to you, as you don't live in the house you have just come out of.' This last was a random shot.

'Well, no; I don't live there,' he replied; 'but I have been to a party there, and am the last of the die-hards to turn out.'

He spoke in a perfectly natural manner; nevertheless, to my mind the answer was unsatisfactory. The houses in this road, if not exactly palatial, were large and high-rented, and the families inhabiting them were certainly 'swell' up to a point that made evening dress indispensable. And this man was not in evening

costume. His overcoat was open, and I could see that his under suit was dark tweed and of rather horsey cut, the coat buttoning high. 'That is strange,' I was beginning to say, when he broke in with: 'Then it is a case of strange but true. But why should it be strange?'

'Well, I have been walking up and down the road for the last half-hour, and I have seen no sign of a party going on.'

'Nor would you have done for the last hour, as far as that goes. For quite that time the front of the house has been "the banquet hall deserted." As I have just told you, I outstayed the others; and my friend and I were chatting in his own little den at the back of the house. And now, I'll give you my name and address, if they are any use to you.'

'They wouldn't be the least use unless they were verified.'

'Upon my word,' he cried, with a short forced laugh, 'though I am thoroughly aggravated, I can't help feeling amused. What is the crotchet you have got in your head? I begin to think you must be suspecting me of being a burglar. Now, I'll put it to yourself, do I look like a housebreaker?'

The manner rather than the matter of the question caused me to hesitate. The tone in which it was put so emphatically conveyed that, in the opinion of the speaker, such an idea was inconceivably ludicrous, that I hesitated about answering the question that had been put to me. 'I don't say you look like a burglar,' I at length replied, 'though, as far as that goes, you might look like a bishop and be a burglar. I am not detaining you on your looks, but because you have not given a satisfactory account of yourself.'

'Oh, you admit you are detaining me, then?'

'Well, yes—that is what it comes to, I suppose,' I answered.

'Then clearly understand, my fine fellow, that you do it at your own hazard.'

'Quite so. You have some good reason for declining to give a straightforward account of yourself, and I must take you into custody.'

'Will you? How are you going to do it?' and as he spoke, he stepped back, evidently intending to show fight. But before either of us could 'go for' the other, the two constables came in sight, hurrying down the road. At the sound of their advancing footsteps, my man glanced round; and the change that had come over his countenance when he turned it to me again, would have convinced me, if I had not already felt assured of it, that even if he had not been on the job I had then in hand, he had cause to fear falling into the clutches of the police. It was well I had been prepared for a rush upon his part, for it came now in a style that would have floored me if I had not been ready for it. As it was, I dodged the blow he aimed at me, and closing with him, had him fast when the constables came up, which they did at a run, when they saw what was going on. After we had secured our man, the constables told me of a house upon which they suspected he had been operating.

'All right,' I said, when I had asked the number of the house. 'You take this man to the station, and I'll follow on after I have seen the householder.'

At the house on which the burglar had made his second attempt at business, there was nothing new to be learned—there were footprints in the garden, and a pane of glass broken; and that was all.

On getting back to the station, I found that the prisoner had given the name of Smith, but had absolutely refused to give any address or offer any explanation concerning himself. This satisfied me that if I had taken an address from him, he would have given me a false one, and I congratulated myself on having stuck to him in the manner I had done. Later in the morning I put myself in a position to prove that the prisoner's statement as to having been at a party was untrue.

Such was the position of affairs when the hour arrived for going to the police court. I was still firmly persuaded that I had got hold of the burglar, though I was quite aware that the evidence on that point was weak almost to nothingness. For the moment, however, this weakness was not a fatal one, as there was ample evidence to insure a remand on the broader charge of being found loitering under suspicious circumstances and refusing to give any account of himself.

Before the magistrate, Mr Smith, as he still chose to style himself, was cool and plausible. He took the respectful and candid line. He had no questions to ask the witnesses, he said, in reply to the magistrate. Their evidence was substantially true, with the important exception, that he had not come out from the gateway, as alleged, though, as he had been walking close to the railings, and the light was uncertain, he had no doubt the mistake of the officer was a perfectly honest one.—It so fell out, he proceeded to say, that at the present time he had reasons of a private and personal, but certainly not a criminal character for desiring to keep himself unknown, and for wishing above all things not to get his name and affairs into the papers.

The magistrate expressed himself as of opinion that the circumstances leading up to the arrest constituted—while unexplained—such a case of suspicion as entitled the police to ask for time to make inquiries. He felt bound to remand the prisoner for a week, but would admit him to bail.

As might have been expected, Mr Smith replied to the effect that the reasons which prevented him from giving explanations would preclude him from seeking bail; and he was accordingly remanded in custody. It was tolerably evident, however, from the manner of the magistrate, that unless we could at the next hearing offer evidence directly connecting the prisoner with the burglaries, we would not get another remand, and it therefore behoved me to bestir myself in the interval.

At that period it was customary to photograph prisoners under remand; and on the following day I was furnished with a portrait of my man. Provided with this, I set out on my travels in search of a clue. I worked literally night and day. Once more I tried my fortune with pawnbrokers and suspected receivers of stolen property; and this time I added ironmongers' establishments to my line of exploration, in the hope that some shopkeeper in that

business might recognise the portrait as that of a man to whom they had sold tools that could have been used in housebreaking. I prowled about thieves' quarters, and scraped acquaintance with 'corner-men' and habitual criminals. I sought out firemen, street coffee-stall keepers, market gardeners, carmen, and other night-toilers. But all in vain!

At midnight preceding the day on which Smith had again to appear in court, it was still a case of 'as you were' with me, so far as concerned the possession of evidence calculated to incriminate the prisoner in respect to any specific burglary. I had come home dead-tired, and thoroughly depressed in spirit, for I could not but 'bitterly think of the morrow.' I felt as strongly as ever that Smith was the burglar; but feeling was of course of no avail, was a thing not to be even mentioned in court, and I had no doubt as to how the magistrate would act when he found there was no evidence forthcoming.

Prisoners under remand had to be brought up from the county jail by rail; and in the morning I went to the station with the van, not, however, with any definite object in view, but from mere restlessness of mood. I was on the platform when Smith got out of the railway carriage, and I fancied I saw him give a slight shake of the head to a woman who was one of about a score of spectators standing in line between the station door and that of the prison van. The movement upon his part—if it was a movement—was so slight that I could not feel certain about it; but though in doubt, I instantly resolved to watch the woman. Tearing a leaf from my pocket-book, I wrote a message to the superintendent on duty at the court, telling him that I purposed trying a last chance for getting evidence, and asking him to keep the case back as long as he conveniently could.

When the van had driven away, the woman turned her steps in another direction, and on reaching the nearest public-house, entered it. But almost immediately she emerged from it again, accompanied by a man whom I recognised as a police-court tout. He had been a solicitor's clerk, but had 'gone wrong' through drink, and now picked up a precarious livelihood by advising small-fry criminals undertaking their own defence. That the woman should be in communication with this man was, from my point of view, so far so good. He was a smart fellow, and it was doing him bare justice to take it for granted that if he caught sight of me, he would so regulate his movements as to test whether or not it was his companion I was tracking. I had therefore to follow the pair at such a distance as not only made it impossible for me to pick up any stray crumbs of the animated conversation in which they were evidently engaged, but also put me in danger of losing sight of them should they turn off short or sharp. By-and-by I saw them cross the road and enter a second public-house. Nearly opposite to this 'public' was a pawnbroker's establishment, at which I was professionally well known. For this I instantly made a dash, and hastily explaining—in a general way—to the proprietor the position I was in, I was by his 'kind permission' allowed to substitute a light-coloured, differently cut, more swellish-looking overcoat for



the black one I had been wearing; to exchange my billycock for a 'top' hat, to mount a pair of eye-glasses and don a coloured necktie, and altogether to make very considerable and, as I trusted, tolerably effective alterations in my appearance. Moreover, I was permitted to watch the public-house from a storeroom window which fully commanded it.

About ten minutes after I had taken my station there, the tout and his companion came to the door, and having glanced steadily and critically up and down the road, and—apparently—compared notes, once more set forward, evidently in a relieved frame of mind. Of course I immediately followed. For a quarter of a mile farther the trail lay along the high-road, then the couple turned suddenly into a side street, into which I followed them just in time to see them enter a shop of the 'small general' order. I waited on watch a few doors off, and in about five minutes saw the man leave, and pass out at the other end of the street. When a few more minutes had elapsed without the woman coming out, I began to fear that she had given me the slip. Resolving to reconnoitre closer, I walked slowly past the shop, and looking in at the window, beheld the woman behind the counter, her hat and mantle taken off, a 'bibbed' apron on, her dress sleeves turned up, and looking every inch the shopkeeper at home. The name above the door was Henry Dunn. I did not wish to raise any suspicion in the woman's mind by entering the shop so shortly after herself. I therefore made my way to a respectable-looking public-house at the other end of the street, to try if I could there glean any intelligence of Mr Henry Dunn or the lady who was presiding over his modest business establishment. Entering the bar, I called for a glass of ale, and then, taking the portrait of Mr Smith from my pocket, showed it to the barman who had served me, asking: 'Do you happen to know who that is?'

'Well, no; I can't exactly say that I do,' he answered; 'and yet I seem to know the face.'

'Know it! Why, of course you do. Try again, old man!' exclaimed a young fellow, who, I subsequently gathered, was billiard-marker to the house, and who, with the freedom characteristic of public-house manners, had been looking over the other's shoulder and joining in the examination of the photo.

'It ain't any one as uses the house,' said the barman, though rather in a tone of question than assertion.

'Well, not regular,' said the marker; 'his regular house is the *Prince of Orange*. He's a big gun among the pothouse politicians there. But he often drops in here of a morning for a corpse-reviver.—Come, surely you know who it is now; I knew him in an instant.'

'Why, la! yes; it's Harry Dunn,' said the barman, his face brightening. "'No-confidence' Dunn, as they call him.'

'Right you are at last,' said the other.—'Eh, guv'nor?'

'Yes, that is the man,' I answered. 'But I didn't know he was called "No-confidence Dunn." How did he come by that name?'

'Oh, he fancies himself at politics; goes to public meetings, and comes out strong in the M.P. line. Questions the speakers, you know,

and bawls out, "Answer my question, sir, or I'll move a no confidence"—Are you going to put him in a paper?' he suddenly asked in conclusion.

'Less likely things have happened,' I replied in an oracular tone, and smiling to myself as I thought of the present-day possibilities of fame in association with the illustrated *Police News*.

Leaving the public-house, I took a cab to the nearest police station, and having obtained the assistance of a couple of constables, drove back to Dunn's shop. Entering with my companions, I found the same woman still behind the counter, and greeted her with: 'Good-morning, Mrs Dunn.'

'Good-morning, sir,' she answered, looking with some surprise at the constables.

'Where is Mr Dunn?' I asked.

'In the country,' she replied. 'Why?'

'He was in the country; but he was brought back this morning, as I daresay you know. You see who we are; and however surprised you may affect to be, you can guess well enough what business we are here on. I am going to search these premises.'

'Where is your'—she was beginning; but before she could get out the word warrant, I had pushed through to the little parlour adjoining the shop. Opening a cupboard in it, the first thing that met my view was a pile of small parcels, which, on being undone, were found to contain valuable property—mostly initialed or crested plate and jewelry—of a kind that could have been unhesitatingly sworn to, and that I at once knew to be the proceeds of burglaries committed in our district. Having secured these and a very neat and complete kit of burglar's tools which I discovered in an up-stairs room, I deferred—for want of time—a thorough search until a future occasion. Meanwhile, leaving the premises in charge of the constables, I arrested Mrs Dunn. She probably felt that matters had reached a stage at which silence upon her part would be golden. At any rate she accepted the situation very quietly, merely asking, as I led her to the cab, on what charge she was apprehended. I replied, that, personally, I would put the point lightly, and say unlawful possession of the property, though the probability was that my official superiors would see their way to charging her with the graver offence of receiving stolen goods well knowing them to have been stolen.

We reached the court a quarter of an hour before my case was called on, and as it was now a strong and plain case, there was sufficient time for making the arrangements for conducting it under its new aspects. When it came on for hearing, the male prisoner was brought in by himself. Leaning forward with his folded arms upon the rail of the dock, he glanced round the court, and especially at me, with a very confident air. The first intimation that he had of the arrest of his wife was when, a minute later, she was led into court. At sight of her, the blood returned to his countenance again with a rush, turning it livid, almost black indeed, with passion, as, throwing his arms above his head, he exclaimed with an imprecation: 'Rounded on—rounded on!' But that the officers guarding the dock were too quick for him, he would have felled the female prisoner as she was placed beside him

whimpering: 'O no, Harry. How can you think so of me!' His manner and action at this juncture were, to those experienced in such affairs, as good as a practical admission of guilt. From that point the case for the prosecution went smoothly and surely. I repeated in evidence what I have already told here of my morning's work and its results, and produced the stolen property found, together with the lists descriptive of portions of it that had been issued from time to time. On this, a further remand of a week was granted, to allow opportunity for bringing forward the owners of the various articles.

During the interval between the committal and the trial, I obtained some interesting particulars concerning the self-dubbed Mr Smith and his work. His escaping detection so long had been in a great measure due to the methods by which he had disposed of his plunder. He had kept altogether aloof from professional receivers of stolen property, and in fact was not known in the trade at all. Such articles as could have been unmistakably identified, he had had the self-restraint to refrain from putting on the market immediately; and though his storing them for a time ultimately furnished conclusive evidence against him, there was no doubt it had deferred the evil day. At the trial, a verdict of guilty was returned against the male prisoner, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude; but the woman was acquitted on the ground that she had acted under the direction of her husband.

What the real name of this convict was, is even now not known with certainty to the authorities. During the week of the first remand, however, we in our division had come to speak of him as Single-handed Smith, and so we speak of him still, when, as sometimes happens, his exploits crop up in conversation among ourselves.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FROM some experiments which have been lately made in the United States, it seems probable that nitro-glycerine may eventually supersede gunpowder as a charge for shells. In the experiments referred to, shells filled with this terrible fluid were fired from a twenty-pounder fieldpiece with a charge of three pounds of gunpowder. In one case, where the gun was aimed point-blank against a bank of soft earth, the shell scooped out a cavity in the soft soil of eight feet in diameter, and no less than five feet deep. For comparison of results, an ordinary shell charged with common powder was fired into the same bank from the same distance, when the hole made was only two and a half feet in diameter, and but one foot deep.

As a precaution against fire, some scenery at one of the Brussels theatres was coated two years ago with a composition largely consisting of alum and asbestos. Recent experiments with scenery so prepared have demonstrated that the canvas can be thus rendered perfectly incombustible. The invention is due to an engineer in the town; and the process will now be adopted throughout the country. It is said that this

simple application does not interfere in any way with the material upon which the scenes are painted, nor does it have any prejudicial effect on the colours employed.

It would seem, according to a Dresden newspaper, that disasters to eyesight are far more common than is generally supposed. It is there stated that in Germany and Switzerland more than two million glass eyes are manufactured every year. One French house alone manufactures three hundred thousand annually. The greater number of the unfortunate purchasers of these artificial eyes are labourers and artisans, more particularly those who are exposed to fire and who are employed in ironworks. It is stated that an artificial eye seldom lasts for more than five years, for the natural secretions of the glands cause the surface of the glass to become cloudy. The imitation of the natural eye is so exact—the pupil being made of coloured glass, and red lines being painted on the inner surface to simulate veins—that it is with extreme difficulty that a man with a glass eye can be distinguished from those with natural sight.

A new primary battery for electric-lighting purposes has been invented by Mr C. Maltby-Newton, C.E., who claims for his invention the following advantages: It will give a constant current, affording a brilliant and steady light for one hundred and twenty hours without any kind of attention; and the battery need not be run off for these one hundred and twenty hours at a time, but may be used for an hour a day or an hour a week until exhausted, as may be required. The fluid used is non-corrosive, and gives off no fumes. The new battery is introduced to public notice by the 'Electric Light Syndicate of West Street, Finsbury, London,' and it is intended that it shall be hired by consumers at a nominal rental, and be recharged when required, and generally kept in working order by the Company. The cost of using this new form of battery is estimated to equal that of gas at four shillings and sixpence per thousand feet. The apparatus has no machinery to get out of order, and it can be kept in any outhouse, shed, or cellar.

It is worthy of notice, as showing the gradual introduction of electricity for unusual purposes, that the captain of the South Coast Tricycle Club recently rode a machine lighted by a small incandescent lamp fitted with a reflector. It is said to have given a good light, and the experiment was in every way a success.

An interesting paper, entitled *The Coloured Race as a Problem in Sanitation*, was recently read by Bishop Penick at a Public Health Conference at Louisville, United States. In the course of this paper the writer said that the negro since his emancipation had degenerated in a very marked degree, and that he is dying off fifty per cent. faster than his white brothers. He also said that the death-rate among the coloured race was much larger than its increase; and he argued from this, that unless something was done to prevent this mortality, the race would in time become extinct. A curious commentary upon this view is afforded by a paragraph in the *Scientific American* to the effect that a coloured woman in Marion County recently died of measles at the age of one hundred and twenty-two years. She retained all her

faculties up to the time of her death, and said that she had never taken a dose of medicine. In the last cotton-picking season, she took her share in the work, and did that work well. It is stated that her age is attested by authentic records.

A contemporary gives particulars of a very singular surgical operation. A year ago, a man at Huntingdon attempted to murder his sweetheart by stabbing her with a sword-cane, and was duly sentenced to penal servitude. His victim gradually recovered, but constantly maintained that a portion of the blade still remained in her body. In this conjecture it seems she was right, for a piece of steel more than six inches in length has just been taken from her. The most peculiar part in connection with the operation remains to be stated. The original wound was in the girl's chest, and the blade has been extracted, broken end first, from her back, so that during its sojourn in her body the piece of steel must have turned completely round. Her recovery is only a matter of time.

A new grain-drying machine has been invented by Mr James Black, Dumfries, who was formerly a kiln-man, and was thus well acquainted with the problem to be solved. The machine, although a small one, will dry at the rate of forty bushels an hour. It consists of an iron case, in the interior of which are four wire cylinders extending its whole length, about fourteen feet. The heated air from a furnace below rises through this case, and gradually dries the grain, which is supplied at the top, and is carried from cylinder to cylinder in turn, and eventually discharged perfectly dry. An exhaust fan expels the steam as it rises from the grain. It is said that the drying is more equal than when effected in a kiln, and that the heating can be done at far less cost. The machine has another advantage in being portable, for it can be shifted from place to place.

According to a paper read by Dr T. D. Crothers before the Society for the study of inebriety, there are now in America fifty different hospitals for drunkards. These contain more than one thousand patients; besides, it must be remembered, another thousand who are under treatment outside the hospitals. In most of these cases, the disease—for inebriety is now looked upon as a form of disease—had existed for many years. It is said that thirty-five per cent. of the cases under treatment are permanently restored. Dr Crothers considers that the marked intensity of inebriety in America as compared with Britain may be ascribed to the 'greater intensity of nervous function.' He does not believe in so-called cures or antidotes for this form of 'drunkenness,' but maintains that each case should receive special study of its peculiarities, and should be subjected to strictly scientific treatment.

The following method of preserving cut flowers has recently been published. An inverted glass shade is placed in a soup-plate or other non-porous vessel, and surrounded with water. The fresh-cut blossoms are then placed under the shade, and at the same moment a small quantity of spirit of chloroform, that is, chloric ether, is dropped into the water. Flowers thus treated will, it is said, keep fresh for months; but the operation of placing them beneath the shade and pouring in the chloroform must be done quickly.

The occurrence of unusually hot weather has always the effect of calling attention to methods of purifying water; and there are now under discussion some new systems of cleansing waste waters with a view to prevent the pollution of rivers. One of these which is attracting attention is a process suggested by Dr Gerson of Hamburg. According to this process, the waste water is first of all placed in a reservoir and treated with chemicals, which form a precipitate. This precipitate is mixed with peat and used as manure. The remaining liquid is now subjected to filtration through a mixture of sawdust and peat, by which any colouring or offensive matter is at once abstracted. The result is a water which is perfectly odourless and tasteless; and this applies even to liquid which is the refuse of dyeworks and tanneries. The system is said to be economical, as the by-products are of almost sufficient value to cover the cost.

Our readers will remember that a few years ago we gave a full description of Mr Fleuss's diving apparatus, and also of the application of that invention to the saving of life in gas-laden mines or other noxious atmospheres. The same indefatigable inventor has now successfully applied his talents to the production of a domestic hand ice-machine, by which small quantities of ice can be readily produced. The machine acts upon Carré's principle, which is described in every physical text-book. This process consists of vaporising a portion of the water treated by means of a vacuum, aided by the absorptive action of sulphuric acid. The machine will be of great value not only in ordinary households where small quantities of ice are constantly in demand, but also to yachts and other vessels not provided with the power which is necessary to actuate the freezing-machines which are used so largely in steam-vessels. The machine is small and compact, and is not costly.

Dr Thomas Taylor, microscopist to the department of Agriculture at Washington, has in the last annual Report of that department shown, by means of photo-micrographs and coloured plates, illustrations of the crystallisation of butter and other animal fats. He shows that the fats of different animals differ in their crystallisation, and asserts that if butter, lard, and beef-fat are separately boiled and gradually cooled, the crystals that are formed will show marked differences under microscopic examination. These differences are easily to be seen in the photographs alluded to, and they point out a ready means of detecting butter which has been adulterated by spurious fats.

Methods of identifying artificial butter are of peculiar interest just now, for the Houses of Parliament have recently discussed the subject of these substitutes for butter and the name by which they should be called. It is now resolved that the word 'Margarine' shall be used instead of 'Butterine'; and dealers who fraudulently supply the artificial for the real article will be subject to heavy penalties. Margarine when properly made is by no means an unhealthy compound; but it should of course be sold for what it is, and not for genuine butter, as has been the custom among certain dishonest traders. In Germany, it has been proposed that margarine should be mixed during preparation with one of

the products of the dry distillation of tar, which would in no way affect its taste, wholesomeness, or general appearance; but the mixture so treated, when brought into contact with a solution of soda or ammonia, would become bright red. This result would also follow if genuine butter were adulterated with even a small quantity of the prepared margarine.

The question of the danger attending the use of arsenical wall-papers has recently been revived by the *Lancet*. It is stated that, contrary to general belief, green is not the only colour which should be avoided as being likely to be charged with an arsenical compound, but that various other gaudy wall-papers are contaminated with the noxious metal to a considerable extent. Flock-papers should be particularly avoided, for the rubbing off of the flock causes the colour to be disseminated in the air as a fine dust, which can be readily drawn into the lungs. Arsenic is used in the preparation of many colours which cannot be truly described in themselves as arsenical. Thus, many of the aniline pigments have arsenic present in them, generally as an impurity caused by careless manufacture, and magenta is one of the colours which is likely to be so contaminated; so that the conclusion to be drawn from these remarks is, that the colour of the paper is really no guide to the presence of or freedom from arsenic. The tests for the presence of this metal are comparatively simple, and can be performed by an unskilled hand. They are fully described in any text-book of chemistry.

It has been stated that a substance resembling ivory, of great hardness and of creamy whiteness, can be made from potatoes. The tubers must be of good quality, and after being washed in diluted sulphuric acid, are boiled in the same liquid until they form a dense and solid mass. They are then freed from the acid and slowly dried. This artificial ivory can be dyed and turned in the lathe, and applied to any of the uses for which real ivory—now becoming so scarce—is usually employed. It remains to be seen whether this imitation ivory will answer for many purposes as well as celluloid. It certainly should be much cheaper to manufacture.

The ash from the volcano Cotopaxi has recently been analysed at a certain place where it fell, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the mountain. It was found to consist of quartz, felspar, magnetite, and specular iron ore. It is curious to note that silver was present in this ash to the extent of nearly two hundred grains per ton. This seems a very small proportion; but when we consider the amount of ash ejected during one eruption of the volcano, which is spread over the vast area indicated by the distance at which this sample was collected, it must be seen that the total quantity of the precious metal distributed throughout the dust is really enormous.

The results of some inquiries as to the condition of certain trees in the Park and grounds of the capital at Washington are contained in the pamphlet issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It seems that some of these trees have been completely denuded of foliage by the action of destructive insects, and the matter has now really become serious. It was hoped that when the English sparrow was imported

across the Atlantic, that the mischief would cease; but it now seems that the pugnacious little bird has rather protected these insects, by driving away the native birds which used to feed upon them. It is to be hoped that the close attention given to this important subject will lead to some remedy being soon adopted.

A recipe for a good and cheap disinfectant has recently been published. It is compounded as follows: In a pint of water are dissolved thirty grains of nitrate of lead; in another vessel, two drachms of common salt are dissolved in two gallons of water; when the crystals disappear, the two liquids are mixed together; and after the precipitate which is formed has been allowed to settle, a clear fluid remains, which consists of a saturated solution of chloride of lead. This liquid can be used for all the usual disinfectant purposes, and a cloth saturated with it will speedily render the air of a sickroom sweet. Nitrate of lead is a cheap salt, and the mixture can be made without much trouble.

It has lately been pointed out that the banner of steam given off by locomotives may be regarded as a hygrometer or detector of the amount of moisture present in the air. If the atmosphere be already saturated or nearly saturated with water, and rain may therefore be looked for, the steam from the chimney is seen to hover in an uncertain manner over the train, and will sometimes form a cloud one hundred feet long or more behind the moving carriages. In dry weather, on the other hand, the steam rapidly disappears, and in some instances it is so quickly drunk up by the thirsty air as to make no visible cloud at all. Those who live near railways have, therefore, a ready means of ascertaining whether wet or dry weather may be expected by the appearance of the cloud from the locomotive chimney.

A new industry, and especially one that makes good use of what has hitherto been regarded as a waste product, is always a matter of great interest and importance. Such an industry has recently been established in South Staffordshire, its object being the preparation of basic slag for agricultural manure. For this purpose, the Staffordshire Steel and Ingot Iron Company at Bilston has recently laid down extensive plant for grinding the slag. The machinery used pulverises the material to such an extent that the finished product will pass through a sieve of ten thousand holes to the square inch. The manurial value of this slag is due to the large quantity of iron and phosphoric acid which it contains.

The sunflower has hitherto been valued in this country chiefly for its poetical fame, latterly as an aid to æsthetic decoration, and has also been turned to the more prosaic purpose of poultry-feeding, its seeds being much appreciated by domestic fowls. According to a Cuban journal, the plant is cultivated in certain swampy districts with great advantage to the general climate. From observations made during the month of June 1885, it was found that a quarter of an acre of these plants will give off in a day sixty-five gallons of water in the form of vapour. There seems little doubt that the flower not only acts as an absorber of water, but that it destroys malaria. It of course emits, as all plants do, pure oxygen in exchange for the carbonic acid it appropriates; but it is suggested that possibly the aromatic



odour of the sunflower may be possessed of antiseptic properties.

It has recently been stated that ninety per cent. of wild animals which are kept in confinement are subject to heart disease; but this complaint is by no means the only one which attacks animals artificially reared. The elephant is specially subject to a number of diseases, of which the most fatal seems to be rheumatism. The monkey tribe generally succumbs to bronchial affections and heart disease. The tigers, lions, and felines generally suffer from heart disease, coupled with dysentery; while the canine tribe seems to be almost free from these ailments.

According to *Iron*, a Norwegian engineer has succeeded in contriving a number of articles, made of reindeer hair, instead of cork, for life-saving purposes. His attention having been called to the great buoyancy of reindeer hair, he made a number of experiments, and constructed the apparatus referred to. One article is a bedstead or couch which can readily be converted into a small boat. This boat, although only calculated for the support of two men in the water, is found to sustain three with ease. A dress has also been made of reindeer hair, clothed in which a man cannot sink; it is asserted, indeed, that reindeer hair will support ten times its own weight. Beyond these advantages, the material has the property of furnishing a costume which is warm and comfortable.

#### FINDINGS AND KEEPINGS.

It has been my fate during the whole of my life, from the time I was seven years of age, to find odd articles of more or less value lying in my path, to which I have rarely been able to find owners. The old saying of 'Findings keepings' has been verified, except in three or four instances which, curiously enough, were of the most value pecuniarily. My first 'finding' was when running home from school one frosty afternoon, I slipped on a slide and fell on the pebbles. I was on the point of screaming—had, I believe, opened my mouth for that purpose, when my eyes caught the glitter of a fourpenny piece between two stones, and in my eagerness to pick it up I quite forgot whether I was injured or not, for I ran home in high glee to show it to my father and mother. They seemed to think little of it, however, and laughed at my eagerness. Not getting all the sympathy I expected, I ran off to my grannie.

'What a lucky little maid, to find silver before anything else!' she exclaimed. 'Let me bore a hole through it, dearie, and put a blue ribbon through it, and you'll never be without money as long as you keep it. It's good-luck to find silver.'

At that time, I failed to see the double meaning in my grannie's words; but whether the words took hold of my childish mind, and the wish to find things caused its own fulfilment, by rendering me more sharp-sighted than usual with children, I know not; but certainly from that time it was curious how often I used to be running home

with stray articles I had found in one place or another.

Just before Christmas, I found an *Old Moore's Almanac*; and during January following, two cambric handkerchiefs, one nearly new, with A. S. embroidered in satin-stitch monogram; the other rather worn and unmarked.

One Valentine's Day (Sunday) I went to church with my mother. Kicking the snow before me on the road, I saw something glisten in the sun. I stooped, and picked up a tiny chased gold pencil-case, like those that are often hung on watch-guards. Imagine my delight, and chagrin, when my mother quietly took it from me and put it in her pocket. I am afraid I thought of little else during the long morning service. It was locked up in my mother's desk till she made inquiry as to its owner; then, after a year or more passed by and no owner turning up, it was considered to belong to me.

During the four following years I found a baby's coral and bells, nearly new, in the hay-fields; a pink silk necktie; a book-mark with a spray of ivy, and 'Lucy' worked on it in silk and beads; two half-worn cedar pencils, a book of *Scotch Songs* much worn, and two horseshoes. The last-named were nailed to the back-kitchen door and painted black. The book gave me my first insight into the breezy poetry of Scotland. Nearly all the shorter songs in the book I got by heart.

Some months passed by and nothing came in my way. I was fully employed both at school and home, and seemed to forget all about the matter. My fifteenth birthday, at the end of June, however, was exceedingly warm and oppressive. I had some school-friends coming to spend the evening and have tea in the home-close. In the afternoon I went up the town to get some cakes and ice-creams. When crossing the marketplace, just in my path lay a beautiful little brooch, with a Swiss chalet delicately cut in ivory, enclosed in an oval gold rim. This, after showing it to my mother, I pinned on my dress, and regarded it as an especial treasure, having found it on my birthday. I wore it for several weeks. One evening, a young lady, who had lately become the wife of one of the bank partners, called on my mother, and in course of conversation remarked she had lost an ivory brooch that was given her by her husband on her wedding tour.

My mother smiled, and called me in from the garden, saying: 'I believe Janet is wearing your brooch at the present moment. She found it on her birthday, and has not, I think, put on any other since then.'

Mrs L— was delighted. She offered to pay me the value of the brooch, or give me another in its place. This offer was declined. I was glad to be able to find an owner for one of my 'findings.' I told her this. The remark led to my mother telling about the curious luck I had in picking up lost articles. Mrs L— was much amused and interested. The following day came a graceful note with a handsome volume of Longfellow's *Poems* 'for Janet,' and an invitation to

spend the evening with her. Needless to say that I accepted with delight; and from that evening dated a close friendship, which deepened and ripened as years passed on.

The following winter I spent in London with some relatives. Going through the Green Park one morning as soon as it was opened, I found a good brown silk umbrella with ivory handle lying on the grass under a tree. I made it known at the keeper's lodge and gave my address; but no one claimed it. A few days after, coming out of church in a snowstorm, I stumbled over something soft. Looking down, I saw a dark mass on the path, which proved to be a warm woollen wrap of a rich dark crimson, beautifully knitted and finished. This was my constant companion for years, and when worn out, I stuffed a cushion with it.

Two or three Shetland veils that are worn by infants came into my hands, and a parcel of school-books was found in Birdcage Walk. Two of these had an address written in, and were duly returned.

In the spring I was visiting near Reading, and one fine Sunday afternoon I walked with Miss E—to the lovely little church at Mapledurham, going through the feldpaths and along short shady lanes in their first spring beauty. About half-way up one of these lanes I picked up sixpence. Miss E—laughed, and said it would do for the bag at church, when suddenly she cried, 'O Janet!' and showed me half-a-crown she had found in a deep rut. We looked about; and between us found sixteen shillings and fourpence-halfpenny in various coins; and a little farther on, a knife with four blades and buckhorn handle. It was nearly a mile from any house, and though we made inquiry, no one claimed either money or knife. Two days after, on returning to London, and crossing one of the flights of steps over the rails at Paddington, I found a handkerchief with deep black border marked 'Alicia Early.' In connection with this, I must mention that four or five years later, while waiting for a friend in Manchester station, the Liverpool train came in; and I noticed half-a-dozen large travelling-trunks turned out of the van, on which 'Early' was marked in large letters; and a small parcel had 'Alicia Early' written on it, with 'Passenger from Rio Janeiro.'

While staying at Oxford in Commemoration week, a party of us had been to see the boat-races, and were resting under the trees in the Broad Walk, when four or five young men passed with a huge mastiff at their heels. Nearly opposite to us, the animal rolled down on the grass, scrambling and scratching in usual dog-fashion. As I was admiring the dog, I caught the glitter of something bright turned over by one of its massive paws; and on going to the spot, found an old-fashioned double gold locket, the ring of which was broken. On opening the locket, a small photo. of a young grave-faced soldier was on one side; on the other, a lock of soft baby hair, and the words, 'My only son—Sebastopol.' I have the locket in my keeping still, and often wonder who was the tender, heart-broken woman who lost that precious memento of affection. Who knows the tears that have been shed over that little photo., probably the only one the poor mother ever possessed!

Late one wet Saturday night I was walking home, when I saw a small twist of white paper in the mud. I kicked it forward twice without a thought of what it might contain, when it struck me I heard the chink of coin. Taking off my glove, I picked it up, and, being only a few steps from home, carried it there. The paper contained four shillings and sevenpence, with a list of several articles of grocery; but no name to show to whom it belonged. Most likely, dropped by a child sent on the errand.

A silver brooch, minus a pin, next came into my possession; and part of an eardrop of plain gold set with a pear-shaped corneal. Two or three handkerchiefs followed, and a child's muff with one scarlet glove inside.

In August 1868 I was again in London. One morning I started from Brompton to walk across the Park and Kensington Gardens into Bayswater to see some friends. When nearly there, I sat down on one of the iron seats a few minutes to cool myself. The seat was one of those made with flat iron bars about three inches apart. Just as I was moving to leave, I saw a small black handbag lying under the seat. It was pretty full. A little parcel contained two pair of black kid gloves and some white lace; another, a jet pendant set with seed pearls in the shape of a Maltese cross, that had evidently been mended at the back; and a small copy of Shelley's Poems, with 'Salome from Jose' written on the title-page in a masculine hand. Inside the bag was a small pocket with a Russia-leather purse, and an envelope without any address, containing a long letter, on foreign paper. There was also some loose change in the pocket; and three or four trifling bills without any name but that of the firm. The purse contained three sovereigns and a five-pound Bank of England note; and a cheque for two hundred and forty-four pounds, to be paid through a solicitor to Salome M—.

In the utmost astonishment and some trepidation, I hastily thrust the money into the purse, and the other articles into the bag, and shut it up. What to do I hardly knew. Several people were passing backward and forward, as I sat there quite bewildered with the thought of what I should do for the best. A man and child came and sat down on the same seat; and after a minute or so, I walked quietly towards the Park gate. As I went out, a tall boy of fourteen or fifteen ran hastily past me and along towards the seat where I had been sitting. I stepped back into the Park and stood under the nearest tree and watched the boy hurry up to the seat, and after a look round and under the seat, was evidently questioning the man, who pointed towards the way I had come. The boy then came back again, eyeing me keenly, beckoned to a policeman whom I had not noticed before, standing just outside the Park railings.

I could not help smiling at the ridiculous yet serious position I was in, for I was now aware I had been watched while watching the boy. The bag was under a loose mantle I wore. The moment the boy looked at me, I felt sure the man on the seat had given him a description of my personal appearance; but when I smiled and looked at the policeman, he touched his cap and said: 'Beg pardon, ma'am, but this young gentleman has been sent to fetch a handbag left

on that seat yonder by his ma, that has valuable articles in. Have you seen such a thing?'

'I have found such a bag; but you must tell me what the contents are before I shall feel justified in giving it up.'

Policeman X. looked at the boy, whose countenance fell, and he glanced at me angrily, saying: 'Mother did not tell me, only that I was to run and get it if possible; she was so upset over my sister's accident.'

'What is your name?' I asked.

'Josia M——,' he answered; 'and my sister's is Salome Josephine. We live at the end of the square over yonder. Come with me, and take the bag to mother yourself.'

Policeman X. stepped forward and said: 'That's the best plan, ma'am; we will go at once.'

For the first time in my life I was escorted by the police to the square where Mrs M—— lived. I saw a beautiful but anxious face looking from the window as we approached; and a lady in deep mourning answered the door and conducted us with uplifted finger into the room, where on a couch lay a lovely child of six or seven. She was fast asleep, and her forehead was bound up, and the thick fair curls were wet and blood-stained.

An explanation followed. Mrs M—— and her children had been crossing the Park; the little girl in the highest spirits ran forward and climbed on the seat to jump off; the toe of her boot caught between the bars, and she fell violently forward on the gravel, cutting and bruising her head severely, and rendering her unconscious. Mrs M—— and her son picked up the child as quickly as possible, hastened home, and sent for a medical man. In her haste and fright, Mrs M—— threw down the bag; and it was quite forgotten till the child came round, when she sent her son to see if haply he might find it or obtain any clue to its loss. The result has been told.

I stayed half an hour with Mrs M——, and found she was going the following week to join her husband in New York, having been detained through the illness and death of a girl of twelve from accompanying him, some weeks previously, to investigate some business affairs. She was evidently in great distress of mind, and I was glad to have been of some service to her. We took a cordial leave of each other; but we never met afterwards.

After I had returned home some months, I was strolling through the fields at the side of the turnpike road, when I heard a horse and trap approaching at a terrific pace, and I ran to the nearest gate to look through. A light, high dogcart, drawn by a young fiery horse, tore rapidly by me; but I could see that the groom had the sense to remain cool. I listened attentively, and found, after about half a mile or more, the speed was reduced, and then lost in the distance. I climbed the gate and returned along the road. About a hundred yards along by the side of the road lay a large double black-and-white checked plaid. Of course, it had dropped from the dogcart. I carried it home, had it advertised; but no one claimed it.

One snowy day I was crossing Bull Street to the post-office, where a path had been made, when I saw half-a-sovereign lying on the stones.

Just at the same moment a farmer's man leading his horse caught sight of it and picked it up. As he did so, he cried: 'Halves, ma'am. You seed it first, and I picked um up.' There was a good-tempered sparkle in the man's eyes as he spoke, yet I detected a look of anxiety on his face as he held the gold on his open palm. 'All right, my man; it's more yours than mine; and most likely you want it most,' I answered.—'Ay, ma'am; it'll buy the missus some good boots, and she do want some bad, I reckon.—Thank ye, ma'am.' And we parted company with equal cordiality.

A large, new india-rubber ball next came into my hands; several letters that had been dropped, stamped and ready for posting; a Roman Catholic mass-book; and a roll of new music. The last two I found in one of the retired streets in Leamington as I was hurrying to catch a train north. This shows how easily odd articles are lost, and also how difficult it is in most cases to return them to the owners, or for the losers ever to recover their property. In all probability, the number of articles lost yearly amounts to hundreds of pounds, without taking into account hard cash, or the more costly jewelry that is well advertised. Much of it gets into the hands of careless or indifferent persons, who will take no trouble to return it or find owners; and far more, I am afraid, is retained by a class still more unprincipled, who have means of turning 'findings' into ready-money.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### SILK-GRASS.

ALTHOUGH many attempts have been made to bring out machines for the decortication of the fibre of the Pita plant, or 'silk-grass,' it is curious to learn, from an American consular Report, that the plant has never been cultivated, but grows wild in patches on the borders of rivers and lagoons in Honduras. The stalks of the plant contain the fibre of commerce, and these grow to a height of twelve or fourteen feet. The Indians scrape off the hard skin of the stalk with a bamboo knife, and thus obtain the fibres, which form the heart of the stalk. Another plan is to steep the stalks in water until the skin decomposes; but this is said to injure the fibre somewhat. In Honduras, the pita fibre is used chiefly for thread, nets, fish-line, and cordage; while some of that sent to Europe and America is manufactured into lace handkerchiefs, ribbons, and wigs. Although many attempts have been made, no machinery has yet been invented capable of decortivating this fibre on a profitable scale; but were this once accomplished, the wild pita-fields of Honduras would become most important in the commercial world. In fact, the opinion is even now expressed that in a very short time they will become the centre of an industry for the supply of fibre to Europe and the United States.

### THE INDIAN FOWL.

There he stands, a ragged, dingy, brown bird, but game to the backbone. He is an important bird, as, but for him, the Anglo-Indian would have poor times. Beef and mutton are not to

be had every day in the Mofussil, and when procurable, only two or three times a week. But fowl is to be had. He is the mainstay of the Indian *khansamah* (head-servant or steward), especially the *dāk-bungalow khansamah*. There is a form always gone through on arriving at one of these bungalows, something after this fashion: 'What can you give for dinner, *khansamah*?' asks the traveller.

'Whatever the sahib likes,' replies the inn-keeper in a grand tone, as if boiled elephant could be had on short notice.

'Well, give me some beef.'

The *khansamah* is very sorry—no beef to be had.

'Mutton, then?'

No mutton, either.

You feel you have done everything in your power, and leave it to the *khansamah*; and he gives you fowl—fowl soup, fowl cutlets, fowl curried, and fowl done up in a dozen different ways.

But he must be caught before he is cooked. A fowl with weak intellect, or a young and silly bird, may be inveigled by a handful of corn and fall an easy prey; but the veteran who has escaped many a design on his life is quite another thing. He will eat as much corn as the *khansamah* likes to give him, but will keep his weather-eye open and not get within reach. Then the *khansamah* girds up his loins and calls up his whole establishment and prepares for a hunt; and a hunt it will be. The veteran fowl has the fleetness of a greyhound, and will give good sport. Avoiding the grasp of the *daworchee* (cook), he takes refuge under the raised floor of the bungalow. Dislodged thence, he dodges between his would-be captors, and goes sailing away under the compound railing, over the ditch, on to the road. This is an unlucky move. A pariah dog, which has been sleeping on a dust-heap on the road, oblivious of fleas and mange, and dreaming perchance of the last bit of carrion he finished half an hour before, wakes up, and gives chase. In trying to escape this new enemy, the luckless bird flies into the clutches of the others. His fate is soon sealed; and shortly after he is dished up. As you survey him with a pitying eye that such pluck should be sacrificed for the table, for he is a most tasteless bird, you cannot but wonder at the enormous amount of bone and muscle he exhibits. In fact, he and his brothers scorn to get fat. They will lead a lazy life, and one of content, from a fowl's point of view, but they will not get fat. In this they are unanimous. Many are the allusions the hungry traveller makes on this peculiarity of the bird. The *khansamah* is, however, proof to this. So he smiles meekly, and holds his peace.

The Indian fowl has periods of excitement to ruffle its otherwise smooth career. You are awakened early in the morning by a tremendous clucking. You are sleepy, and as you turn over dreamily, think perhaps a jackal has got into the hen-house. This is explained later on, however, by the presence of an eggcup on the breakfast-table. Out of the bottom of this you scoop an egg the size of a marble, and eat it at one gulp. Alas for the motherly expectations thus cut short! But the Indian fowl is a philosophical bird, and does not make a fuss over the inevitable. She

will go through the same experience day after day, until she is consigned to the pot, and will appear at your table the same lean, muscular bird as the hundreds you have eaten before.

Honour to the Indian fowl, and may its shadow never grow less! Some say we keep India by the sword; but it is our firm belief that if all the fowls emigrated from here to-morrow, we should have to accompany them, and leave the land to the Bengalee Baboo and the Russian.

#### TWILIGHT DREAMS.

'Sing to me, dear!' The voice came through the gloom  
And glimmer of the quiet firelit room,  
To me, who, filled with thoughts of other days,  
Heard dimly, and saw all things through the haze  
Of sweet, sad memories of lost delight.

So I but faintly stirred; and, in a dream  
Of all that had been, murmured: 'Yes, the stream  
Flows clear and gently! Let us float along,  
And you and I will sing a happy song  
Of true heart's truest love and love's delight.'

'O love! the waters are so blue, so blue,  
And my heart, O my love! so true, so true,  
And all things beautiful and all things rare,  
As nothing are beside thy face so fair—  
Thy face, my beautiful, my heart's delight!'

'Nay; but call back thy thoughts, sweet sister mine;  
The deep sea-billows over what was thine  
Surge to and fro; and thou art left alone,  
With but a brother's love to call thine own;  
And yet, for thee, life holds some small delight.'

'O brother!' I made answer, 'it is true  
That all of life's dear hope, beneath the blue  
And smiling waves, lies hid in ocean's heart;  
But spirits are not sundered; do not part;  
They meet, in dreams like mine, of past delight.'

'And if no more upon the solid ground  
Or treacherous wave we meet, we still are bound  
By faith's strong tie, and love's bright golden chain,  
To one another, till, in bliss again  
We meet, and dwell for ever in delight!'

F. E. HUNT.

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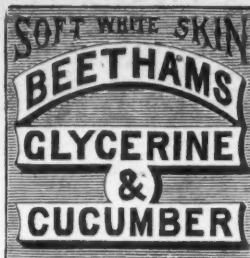
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## WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE.



"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past:  
what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what  
sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to  
our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his  
soul—I would answer with Lassues, it is **EXPERIENCE**."—LORD LYTTON.

J. C. ENO, Esq. QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, 4th June 1877.  
Sir—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on your justly  
celebrated FRUIT SALT? Being the writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my  
occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks, in order to see what change  
of air would do for me, and at the wish of some personal friends of mine here, I have taken your  
FRUIT SALT, and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing  
you. I am, Sir, yours truly,  
A LADY.

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,  
To Headache it gives certain ease;  
Biliousness—it does assuage,  
And cures it both in Youth and Age;  
Giddiness it will arrest,  
And give both confidence and rest;  
Thirst it will at once allay,  
And what the best in every way?  
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Free from danger, free from harm,  
It acts like some magician's charm;  
At any time a dainty draught,  
Which will dispel disease's shaft;  
More priceless than the richest gold,  
That ever did its wealth unfold;  
And all throughout our native land,  
Should always have at their command  
Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE, HAS LITTLE MORE  
TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to  
relish virtue. He who has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want  
thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

## ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO."

TO AID NATURE without force or strain, use ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" (a simple  
Vegetable Extract), occasionally a desirable adjunct to ENO'S FRUIT SALT. They per-  
form their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done," and the patient is much  
astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural  
onslaught of the Moto. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and  
preventing disease.

Eno's "Vegetable Moto" of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

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ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E.